

The Historie of

for sweet *Iacke Falstafse*, kind *Iacke Falstafse*, true *Iacke Falstafse*, valiant *Iacke Falstafse*, and therefore more valiant, being as hee is old *Iacke Falstafse*, banish not him thy *Harries* company, banish not him thy *Harries* company; banish plump *Iacke*, and banish all the world.

*Prin.* I doe, I will.

*Enter Bardoll running.*

*Bar.* O, my Lord, my Lord, the Sheriefe, with a most monstrous Watch is at the dore.

*Fal.* Out you rogue, play out the Play: I haue much to say in the behalte of that *Falstafse*.

*Enter the Hostesse.*

*Hof.* O Iesu, my Lord, my Lord!

*Fal.* Heigh, heigh, the diuell rides vpon a Fiddle-sticke, what's the matter?

*Hof.* The Sherife and all the Watch are at the dore, they are come to search the House, shall I let them in?

*Fal.* Dost thou heare *Hal*? neuer call a true peece of Gold a Counterfeit, thou art essentially made, without seeming so.

*Prince.* And thou a naturall Coward, without instinct.

*Fal.* I deny your Maior; if you will deny the Sherife, so, if not, let him enter. If I become not a Cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing vp: I hope I shall as soone be strangled with a Halter as an other.

*Prince.* Goe hide thee behinde the Arras, there st walke vp a boue. Now my Masters, for a true Face and good Conscience.

*Fal.* Both which I haue had; but their date is out, and therefore Ile hide me.

*Prin.* Call in the Sherife.

*Enter Sherife and the Carrier.*

*Prin.* Now maister Sherife, what is your will with me?

*Sher.* First, pardon me my Lord. A hue and cry hath followed certaine men vnto this house.

*Prince.* What men?

*Sher.* One of them is well knowne, my gracious Lord, a grosse fat man.

*Car.* As fat as Butter.

*Prin.* The man, I do assure you is not heere, For I my selfe at this time haue employed him:

And

Henry the Fourth.

And Sherife, I will ingage my word to thee, That I will by to morrow dinner time, Send him to answere thee or any man, For any thing he shall be charg'd withall, And so let me intreate you leaue the house.

*Sher.* I will my Lord, there are two Gentlemen Haue in this robbery lost 300. markes.

*Prince.* It may be so: if he haue rob'd these men, He shall be answerable: and so farewell.

*Sher.* Good night, my noble Lord.

*Prin.* I thinke it is good morrow, is it not?

*Sher.* Indeed my Lord, I thinke it be two a clocke.

*Prince.* This oyley rascall is knowne as well as Pou him forth.

*Peto.* *Falstafse*? fast asleepe behinde the Arras, a like a horse.

*Prin.* Harke how hard he fetches breath, search him.

*He searcheth his pockets, and findeth certaine papers.*

*Prince.* What hast thou found?

*Peto.* Nothing but papers, my Lord.

*Prince.* Lets see what be they: reade them.

Item a Capon

Item sawce

Item, Sacke, two gallons.

Item Anchoues and Sacke after Supper.

Item bread.

O monstrous, but one halfe peniworth of bread to a rable deale of Sacke. what there is else, keepe close, it at more aduantage: there let him sleep till day, Ile in the morning. We must all to the warres, and thy honourable. Ile procure this fat rogue a charge of know his death will be a match of twelue score; the be payed backe againe with aduantage: be with me the morning, and so good morrow *Peto*.

*Peto.* Good morrow, good my Lord.

*Exit*

*Enter Hotspur, Worcester, Lord Mortimer*

*Owen Glendower.*

*Mor.* These promises are faire, the parties sure,